Misunderstandings

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/24154105.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Consensual Non-Consent, Rape Roleplay, Rough Sex, hard sex, Bruises, bites, Scratching, Established Relationship, Awkwardness, Walking In On Someone, Jack really needs to stop, he tries his best
Language:	English
Series:	Part 21 of Kinkmeme Story Prompts
Collections:	Hannigram Kinkmeme
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-13 Words: 2,957 Chapters: 1/1

Misunderstandings

by StratsWrote, whiskeyandspite

Summary

Three fingers, and Will was shaking, sweat beading on his brow and beneath his nose, eyes wide and too-bright and cheeks flushed a delicate pink.

No more the fever of madness, no more the blush of the shy. This was arousal, plain and simple, fight or flight or fuck.

Hannibal and Will have a way to relieve stress that could be seen as unconventional. But the fact of the matter is that no one is meant to *see* it at all.

Notes

Consensual non-con in this one folks, actions and language, so careful going in! Both are adults, both are consenting, and it's made clear later in the piece that this is negotiated beforehand.

For a lovely person on kinkmeme who has the best ideas.

See the end of the work for more notes

It had started by accident.

Their first time had been rough, violent. With the body of Randall Tier laid out between them, something in them both had snapped.

It had been a feral, quick fuck on the dining room floor, and though Will had kissed back with everything he had, he'd also struggled. He wanted Hannibal to *work* for every moment they had together, to *earn* it.

Hannibal had walked away with a split lip; Will, with bruises on his wrists.

Hannibal had suggested it, later, because of course he had.

"Catharsis," he said. "A way to strengthen our newfound trust, and to exert any lingering… frustration."

And it should have been appalling, that Hannibal was effectively asking Will's permission to *rape* him… but it wasn't.

So some nights, like this one, Will hesitated in the doorway to the bedroom. He looked up at Hannibal, challenge in his eyes, and said, "My safe word is 'Quantico.'"

Hannibal never reacted immediately, he always took his time. First, consideration, a brief once-over that made Will tense from toes to ears. Then a hum, before he set aside whatever he'd been doing before Will had so *rudely* interrupted him. And it was then, those precious moments in which Hannibal's stillness burst into predatory movement, that Will's blood hummed in his ears and adrenaline spiked cold on his lungs.

A split-second and Will was off, socked footsteps hurried over the wooden floors, the runner doing little to muffle the sound as he reached the stairs and took them two at a time to the first floor.

He didn't try the front door, it was always locked. He'd watched Hannibal make a ritual of closing the multiple latches and locks on it, sealing them inside. Instead, he beelined for the kitchen, taking up the first knife he found on the knife block, and holding it pointing down the length of his arm. He pressed back against the fridge and waited.

Hannibal moved like a ghost, he barely made a sound in his pursuit and Will was aware of that, but it didn't make it any less unnerving when he caught a shadow moving in the corner of his eye in the corridor.

Will's heart always raced, his body tense. He never stopped being aware that a predator was in the room with him, even when Hannibal had him willing and pleading.

And today he didn't. Today, Hannibal stalked him.

The floorboards didn't creak, though they would have if Will had been the one in pursuit. One moment, Hannibal was just beyond Will's line of sight, the next he had him by the nape,

herding him towards the kitchen Island.

Will swerved, lashing out with the knife. He didn't pull his blow. If Hannibal was clumsy enough to allow Will to stab him, he deserved the blow.

Hannibal caught him by the wrist, yanking his arm behind his back and squeezing until the bones ground together. Will gasped, the knife clattering to the ground.

"You still think you can run from me?" Hannibal whispered, holding Will against himself, pinning him to the cool metal to trap him. "Foolish boy."

Will jerked his head back, hard enough to come into contact with Hannibal's chin, though he had aimed for his nose. It wasn't enough to have Hannibal let him go, but it was a small victory at least.

Will didn't fight with Hannibal how he fought with anyone else; Hannibal knew too much, he understood the choreography of a fight, which parts of the body were the most likely to be hit and how. Will had to be creative with him, he had to think outside the box and outside their bodies in order to have even a chance at coming out unscathed.

He reached back with his free hand, finding the pressure point against Hannibal's shoulder and was rewarded with a hiss of discomfort. Will pressed harder, but Hannibal didn't release him, instead he turned them and shoved Will bodily up against the fridge, hard enough to rattle his teeth, hard enough that he lost his grip and Hannibal could capture that arm as well. He adjusted Will so his arms were bent at the elbow and slid an arm through them to keep him pinned.

Will's immediate retaliation was to shove his fingers hard into the hollow of Hannibal's hip, another pressure point.

They were quiet when they fought, heavy breathing and grunts and whines of pain, but rarely shouts and calling out. There was no point, they were doing this for each other. And Will groaned when Hannibal pressed up close against him, damn near crushing him between himself and the fridge, and bit down hard against his shoulder.

"Stop," Hannibal growled, biting another mark against his throat. Will hissed out a breath, shoving back against him.

"Get off me."

"No." Hannibal shifted his weight, reaching between Will's thighs to cup his growing hardness. Will let his body go limp, dropping dead weight into Hannibal's loosened grasp. Hannibal's grip faltered, and Will was off, shoving past him and skidding out of the kitchen, socks slipping on the hardwood.

Hannibal caught him again in the study. They didn't make it to the sofa. Hannibal crashed into him halfway across the rug, and Will landed on his stomach with a painful thud.

They rolled together for a minute, before Hannibal managed to pin Will face down. Will was already dressed for bed, boxers, a loose fitting shirt. It was little effort for Hannibal to shove the boxers down around his knees.

Hannibal would have grabbed the lubricant on his way out of the bedroom, but his fingers were dry when they first teased at Will's entrance. He kept Will down with an elbow between his shoulder blades, painfully heavy while Will struggled beneath him.

Will considered his options, arched up into Hannibal's hand and relaxed beneath his restraint before kicking out, deliberate and quick, to catch his heel against Hannibal's knee, his thigh, up higher to his groin. It was enough to ease the pressure on his back and for Will to squirm away, flipping to his back as he did.

Hannibal was on him immediately, but Will was quicker. Kicking his boxers off he wrapped his legs around Hannibal's throat, hooking one foot behind his other knee and squeezing. Hannibal bared his teeth, pressing closer, and Will held on. He hooked his free foot down under Hannibal's arm and squeezed harder, gasping when Hannibal's hands reached to choke him as well.

The benefit to Will's position was that he had his hands free while his legs did the choking, and a deliberate shove of his thumbnail into Hannibal's wrist eased up the pressure on his throat for a moment.

But Hannibal was cunning, he was clever. He was a monster that had skulked in the shadows long before Will knew he had the eye for seeing them there.

He flipped them, himself on the ground and Will perched atop, and swung his own legs up and around Will's middle, rolling them to their sides and stretching his legs out to painfully bend Will's back, and choke him with a foot beneath his chin.

"Clever boy," Hannibal breathed, though he was panting now, no longer the unmoved creature from the kitchen. And while Will's legs didn't ease up on their pressure, he hadn't quite caught Hannibal properly enough to press to his carotid; he wouldn't lose consciousness even if Wil clung to him all night. So Hannibal took advantage of his proximity to Will's half-hard cock, and ducked his head to suck Will's balls between his lips.

The noise Will made was strangled. His legs twitched, momentarily managing a tighter grasp, before his strength failed altogether.

Hannibal rolled them, pinning Will beneath him once more. Will panted up at him, the heels of his hands braced against Hannibal's chest.

"You keep fighting me," Hannibal murmured, "when you know there's no escape for you."

His fingers sought between Will's legs again, and though Will shoved at him, he managed to press a dry finger inside.

" *Fuck* ," Will hissed. Hannibal seized the moment of distraction to snag both of Will's wrists, pinning them above his head.

“As soon as you stop fighting me,” Hannibal quipped. Will tried and failed to kick him, squirming as Hannibal pressed another dry finger to his entrance.

“Don’t!” Will yelled. “Fuck, Hannibal, *stop* .”

Hannibal didn’t stop. He freed his fingers for the moment it took to slick them in his mouth before pressing into Will again, the man squirming and helpless beneath him. It was always here that Will gave some quarter, always when Hannibal had him so vulnerable that he could barely catch his breath.

They both knew what that meant.

Neither would ever say it aloud.

Will tried to shove up against Hannibal harder, knees closing and pushing up into his stomach, his sternum, and finding the man immovable. Will thrashed his head back and forth, baring his teeth any time Hannibal pressed nearer to him, to no avail.

Three fingers, and Will was shaking, sweat beading on his brow and beneath his nose, eyes wide and too-bright and cheeks flushed a delicate pink.

No more the fever of madness, no more the blush of the shy. This was arousal, plain and simple, fight or flight or fuck.

Hannibal pressed against him, his cock barely slicked with precum and the remnants of his own saliva. Will twisted beneath him, shaking his head. Hannibal pushed.

There was a chance Will would tear. He had before. But once Hannibal was inside, he had another free hand to search his pockets, and the next inch slid in just a bit smoother.

Will threw his head back, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling. He couldn’t catch his breath. The moment seemed to go on forever, as Hannibal forced his way inside in slow rolls of his hips.

“There we go,” Hannibal breathed, as his hips pressed flush to Will’s ass. “Just how it should be.”

Will snarled at him, digging his heels into the ground. Hannibal pulled back and shoved back in, harsh, painful thrusts that rocked Will’s body up along the rug.

And then it was a fight again; nails and teeth and shoving fists. When Hannibal caught Will’s mouth in a kiss Will bit him before kissing back, blood smearing between their mouths, metallic and bitter.

Neither noticed when Will’s struggle turned to compliance, when he wrapped his legs around Hannibal and urged him in harder, hands tangled in his hair, scratching down his back, pushing Hannibal’s face down against his throat for the man to mark him with bruises and bites.

Neither noticed, and it hardly mattered.

Will came first. He always did, because Hannibal always made sure he did. Then, Hannibal gave himself the leisure to bring himself to orgasm with Will wriggling over-sensitive and tired beneath him.

Foreheads pressed together, breaths still too quick and too hot shared between them, Will's smile pulled warm and his eyes closed.

"Fuck," he sighed, "fuck that was good. Just what I needed after today."

Hannibal nuzzled his nose along Will's jaw. "Whenever you like," he said, "as often as you need."

Will hissed when he pulled out, pressing his thighs together as if that might somehow hold back the drip of fluid.

Hannibal cleaned them both gingerly with his own briefs, leaving gentle kisses over Will's bruises. "Would you prefer a bath or a washcloth?"

Will hummed thoughtfully. "Will you wash my hair?"

Hannibal pressed a needy kiss to the inside of his thigh. "Of course I will."

"Bath, please."

Jack told himself that he wasn't doing anything wrong. Will had grown more distant, as they worked together to catch Hannibal. It was Jack's responsibility, both as Will's boss and as his *friend* , to check up on Will.

That checking up on Will also involved breaking into Hannibal's house was irrelevant. As far as anyone need know, the door had been unlocked.

And he was here instead of Wolf Trap because Will had mentioned something about dinner, and dinner could mean trouble considering who it was hosted by. And when he heard the sounds of struggle he knew he'd made the right call because even at Hannibal bloody Lecter's dinners no one was *fighting* each other.

There was a crash, as though something had been shoved over in the kitchen, and a quiet hiss of pain. No more than two people, then, just Will and Hannibal. And Jack, now, who had made the executive call to go in and help his agent because the man didn't know when to say *when* most of the time.

Fucking Graham.

He'd send him to therapy, actual therapy, after this, so help him. But first he had to make sure that there was someone to send *to therapy* , and not just a corpse or two in a fancy fucking house.

"Will?" He called, keeping his shoulder against the corridor wall as he listened to the panting and struggle in the other room. "Will, it's Jack, I'm coming in!"

“No!” The word started loud, then muffled, as though he was being smothered, and Jack didn’t wait for another cue. He moved into the kitchen, gun first, sweeping the floor, the island, the counters, before following the sounds into the dining room.

The scene was a nightmare. Will was bent over the table, his slacks down around his ankles, his hands bound painfully behind his back with what appeared to be his own tie. There were scratches down his spine, some still bleeding.

Hannibal was behind him, his back to Jack, his slacks around his knees. He licked the palm of his hand and dropped it between his own legs. Jack felt sick.

“Doctor Lecter!” He shouted. “Step away, and put your hands up.

Hannibal turned to stare at him, and Will gave a violent flinch.

“Jesus *Christ!* ” Will yelled. “Jack, what the hell-”

Hannibal reached for him. Jack raised his gun. “Get *back* , Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal stepped back. Will squirmed, pushing himself awkwardly to his feet, nearly toppling from the clothes around his ankles. Hannibal made another aborted gesture.

“It’s alright, Will,” Jack said softly, politely averting his eyes. “Come over here by me.”

“Just… wait,” Will shot back, glaring at the floor in lieu of looking at Jack fucking *Crawford.* “Don’t shoot anyone.”

“Will, I -”

“Jack,” Will did glare at him then. “Shut up.”

Hannibal moved to free Will’s hands and he immediately yanked his pants and underwear back up, forgoing doing up his belt in favor of rubbing his hands over his face.

“What are you doing here?” He asked after a while, dropping his hands and staring at Jack. The other blinked at him. His gun was still leveled on Hannibal, body still tense and ready to fire should the need arise, but it didn’t… seem to.

“I came… uh,” Jack tried to reassess the situation as Hannibal moved to do his own clothes up behind Will, not saying a word. “You haven’t been picking up your calls.”

Will tilted his head, moved to pull his phone from his pocket and see the missed calls there. And the time.

“It’s the middle of the night, Jack, why would I be picking up my calls? Why did you even come *here* to check on me?”

“I traced… traced your phone. Will. Why are you in Hannibal’s home in the middle of the night?” Jack shot back, anger quickly returning now that the situation wasn’t under control anymore.

Will blinked at him and spread his hands, gesturing to himself and Hannibal behind him, as though the answer were obvious. “We were in the middle of something, actually, until you interrupted.”

“Rude,” Hannibal breathed behind him, impossible for anyone but Will to hear.

Jack looked from Will to Hannibal. His blood was rushing in his ears. “You-” He squeaked. “You-”

“Me?” Will asked, arms folded over his chest.

“You’re *sleeping with-”* Jack cut himself off. It seemed too ridiculous to say out loud.

“I *was* , until you *interrupted* .”

Will’s glare was frightening. Jack tried to make sense of what he was seeing. He’d sent Will to *trap* Hannibal, not *fuck* him

But then, what better way to trap someone, right? If Hannibal thought Will trusted him, surely he’d let his guard down. It was… clever.

“I assure you, Jack, everything is entirely above board,” Hannibal said with a small, placating smile. “Will is no longer my patient. Everything we do together is consensual.”

“I… it didn’t sound consensual,” Jack muttered, holstering his gun again. Will snorted.

“You’re really going to judge someone’s kinks when you’ve broken into their house, Jack?”

Jack didn’t have an answer to that. He mumbled something about an apology, something about a misunderstanding, something about how Will better check his *goddamn phone* next time, and saw himself out.

Will released a long breath and leaned back against Hannibal when he set his hands to Will’s shoulders.

“The most effective boner killer on earth is your boss bursting in on you having kinky sex with the man you’re supposed to be entrapping.”

“You could always change your safeword to “Jack”,” Hannibal suggested blithely. Will snorted, shaking his head and turning in Hannibal’s arms to press his face against his shoulder. “On the bright side, Uncle Jack will think twice about interrupting again, and perhaps not follow up on your radio silences.”

“Gives us more time,” Will agreed, nuzzling him. “A deeper cover, before he starts to suspect anything, if he does.”

“And I can mark you up properly now. Have you showing up to crime scenes with visible bruises,” Hannibal added. “I highly doubt Jack will have the nerve to bring it up.”

End Notes

FIND US ON TWITTER | TUMBLR | PILLOWFORT

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!